

THE ATHENS POST.

BY SAM. P. IVINS.

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THE POST.

ATHENS, FRIDAY, MAY 16, 1851.

NEW YORK, May 6.

The steamer Georgia from Chagres and Havana, with the Pacific mail, arrived this morning. She brought one million and a half in gold dust in freight, and three hundred and ten passengers, having transferred two hundred at Havana.

The Georgia sailed from Havana, on the 1st inst. Great excitement prevailed in relation to the anticipated invasion. A number of persons have been imprisoned on suspicion, and among them three priests accused of preaching seditious sermons.

The day of the Georgia's arrival was celebrated by the execution of a poor fellow who had been sent by Lopez to procure pilots for the expedition. This is the first execution for a political offence that has taken place, and it has created considerable ill feelings against the new Captain General.

THE CUBAN EXPEDITION ABANDONED.

On Saturday a considerable number of men supposed to be connected with the Cuban expedition arrived in this city from the South. This circumstance, together with other indications, has led to the belief here that the expedition, so far as the organization on our coast is concerned, has been abandoned, at least for the present. The watchfulness and active interference of our own government, together with the system of espionage that has been instituted by the Spanish authorities, it would seem has frustrated the plans of the expeditionists and prevented a concentration and organization of their forces, leaving them no alternative but to disband.

We learn from Florida that the men who were at Jacksonville, are dispersing, and that but few are in that neighborhood at present. Where the men are who came down from the interior of this State to join the expedition, is not known, but it is supposed that they have returned to their homes.—*Savannah Morning News.*

EFFECT OF RAILROADS.—A gentleman of high character in Mobile, in a letter to his friend in New Orleans, bears the following testimony in reference to the effect of Railroads on real estate in that city:

"Property in Mobile is now saleable, and for money, and is worth double what it was two years ago. The Bank of Mobile sold property two years ago—nearly all that it had; and portions of it have been sold lately for almost double the cost. Planters are now making investments in real estate in Mobile."

What is true of Mobile is equally true of every city connected with railroads, and every county through which a road passes; and such will always be the result in all communities where there is either industry or enterprise. It cannot be otherwise, because railroads always cheapen and facilitate transportation. Hence the products of labor realize more to the producer, and the articles of consumption become cheaper in the same ratio that the freights are reduced. The difference is therefore pocketed by the producer and consumer. The consequence is, his land becomes more valuable simply because the products thereof net him a greater amount of profits. There is another great saving—time—which should be taken into the account in the estimation of the value of railroads, and if the old adage that "time is money," be true, this is certainly no inconsiderable item in the increased profits of railroads.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

WANTED, at this office, a bull dog, of any color except pumpkin and milk; of respectable size, snub nose, cropped ears, abbreviated continuation, and bad disposition—who can come when called with a raw beefsteak, and will bite the man who spits tobacco juice on the floor, and steals our papers.

To "use all gently" was the advice of one who knew human nature well, and it is advice such as every man who knows the world will give.

THE COMPROMISE.

Will Tennessee sustain the adjustment measures or not? There are restless spirits all over the South who seem anxious to enjoy the excitement of some great crisis, in hope probably, that their personal ambition and petty schemes might triumph. Touching this question one great and fundamental doctrine is, that the free may be known by its fruit—that the position of our statesman may be known by the position they have assumed. For example—who is there that does not delight to contemplate the lofty and distinguished patriotism of the committee of thirteen. That committee was composed of different parties—enterprising various and diversified views relative to all the political questions of the day, save the one absorbing topic—the question of Union. On this question they were able to fraternize. They saw the noble ship of state, which was constructed and built by George Washington and his associate patriots, and freighted with all the noble relics of revolutionary memory—together with the hopes and prospects of the oppressed of all nations, fast tending to a vortex of speedy destruction. The union was in imminent danger. Previous to the report of this committee, good men, throughout the world, feared and trembled. It was a moment of deep solicitude. The lofty patriotism of such men as Clay, Webster, Foote, Cass and Fillmore at one time, seemed likely to prove unavailing. They seemed to go out, like the dove from Noah's Ark, to find a place on which to rest the foot, but all seemed abortive. Again and again, efforts were made, without success. Finally, the clouds began to break away. The political firmament seemed to grow brighter. The report of the committee of thirteen, seemed to dissipate all darkness, as though another sun had risen on midnoon, and was hailed with acclamations of joy and delight. The whole union, from the snowy glaciers of the north to the sunny south, where the Magnolia and Palmetto flourish, joined in one joyous shout of approbation.

Our able and efficient President Fillmore, has done all in his power to sustain these measures of adjustment, which finally passed into laws. Then let us sustain him, as the best and truest friend of the south.

In Mississippi, the question of union or secession is boldly made. This is the great question which is to constitute the bone of contention in that state. Let us in noble Tennessee, frown down all anti-union movements. Let us not forget that the introduction of the Wilcox proviso have caused all this discord. Let us recollect Martin Van Buren, and his machinations. Let us not forget that Eavy Wilcox, the introducer of the odious proviso, is a doubly distilled and rectified democrat. That had it not been for "old Hal," and Daniel Webster, the probabilities are, that democracy, whiggery, union and all—would have gone down—"down with a down derry down." That Henry Clay is the originator of the compromise—but give all honor to the whole thirteen—they wheeled into line.—*Star Spangled Banner.*

HOW PUBLIC OPINION IS MANUFACTURED IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Southern Patriot furnishes the following information in reference to the formation or manufacture of public opinion by the disunionists and their organs in that State:

"We understand that our friends, the Secessionists, in Greenville, and members of the Southern Rights Association, advertised for a meeting in the Court house, on last Saturday evening, and after some delay and 'drumming' they collected some fifteen persons, and thereupon proceeded to appoint fifteen delegates, to represent Greenville in the Charleston Convention, on the first Monday in May. Here are fifteen persons, appointed themselves and others, to represent a district voting two thousand strong, in a convention which it is said, is to set the ball of revolution in motion, and prepare the way for secession by the State Convention next winter! This meeting, with all its proceedings goes forth to the world as public opinion, and will be so reported in all the papers of the State. This is only one instance in a hundred, of the mode in which public opinion has been manufactured by a few for the many, throughout the State. The secession resolutions, in Anderson, were passed at a meeting of not more than thirty or forty persons, as we have been credibly informed. Pretty much the same thing occurred, we understand, in Columbia.

Thackeray through the mouth of Mr. Charles Yellowplush, describes seasickness, as "feelin' in the first place singular, in the next place painful, and at last completely overpowerin'."

Some professor at Turin has discovered a detonating sugar that goes off like gunpowder. The discovery is very ancient, however; sugar that goes off was discovered long ago, by parents with a small and numerous progeny.

A man's wedding day is called his "bridal day." The orthography of that word is wrong—it should be written *bride day*.

A certain editor describing a family of his acquaintance, says they were so mean they had to die by subscription.

A MAD CLERGYMAN.

The Rev. Theodore Parker—a noted abolition preacher of Boston—seems to have been driven to insanity because the people of Boston refused to violate the laws of their country in the case of the fugitive Sims, recently surrendered to his proper owner. Hear how he is down on that portion of his fellow-citizens who assisted in sustaining the supremacy of the laws. He is evidently out of place in the pulpit. In one of his recent sermons he let off as follows:

Last Thanksgiving day I said it would be difficult to find a magistrate in Boston to take the odium of sending a fugitive back to slavery. I believed, after all, men had some conscience, although they talked about its being a duty to deliver up a man to bondage. Pardon me, my countrymen, that I rated you too high! Pardon me, town of Boston, that I thought your citizens all men! Pardon me, lawyers, that I thought you had been all born of mothers! Pardon me, ruffians, who kill for hire! I thought you had some animal mercy left, even in your bosoms? Pardon me United States Commissioners, Marshals, and the like, I thought you had some shame! Pardon me, my hearers, for such mistake!—One Commissioner was found to furnish the warrant! Pardon me, I did not know he was a Commissioner; if I had I never would have said it!

Spirits of Tyrants, I look down to you! Shade of Cain, thou great first murderer, forgive me that I have forgot your power, and did not know you were parent of so long a line! And you, my brethren, if hereafter I tell you that there is any limit of meanness or wickedness which a Yankee will not jump over, distrust me, and remind me of this day, and I will take it back!

When a man bred in Massachusetts, whose Constitution declares that "all men are born free and equal" within eight of Faneuil Hall, with all its sacred memories; within two hours of Plymouth Rock; within a single hour of Concord and Lexington; in sight of Bunker Hill—when he will do such a deed, it seems to me there is no life or crime long enough to prepare a man for such a pitch of depravity! I should think he must have been begotten in sin, and conceived in iniquity, and been born "with a dogs head on his shoulder;" that the concentration of the villainy of whole generations of scoundrels would hardly be enough to fit a man for a deed like this!

BENTONIAN DEMOCRACY.—It is reported that Mr. Benton recently, at St. Louis, made a regular, old-fashioned Democratic speech, in which he denounced, in strong terms, all those Union Democrats of his State who acted with the Whigs upon these great Southern questions. He said that when men deserted Democracy they went after office, and never came back. He instanced Henry Clay, Aaron Burr, John Tyler, and a great many others. He appealed to the real, the true, the unwavering Democracy, to unite with him and put down all who refuse allegiance to the cherished usages of the party. He called upon his friends to redeem Missouri from the foul disgrace—the deep stain of these dishonest and entangling alliances. These and many other things, equally rich, racy and peculiar, are reported to have been uttered by the great Missourian.

GOV. TOWNS AND THE CUBAN EXPEDITION.—It has been intimated in the public prints that the present Executive of Georgia, Gov. Towns, has been following the evil example of Ex Gov. Quitman, and encouraging and abetting in fitting out within the United States, an expedition against Cuba. We find the following paragraph on the subject in the *Atlanta (Ga.) Republican*:

Governor Towns.—The State Arms.—It has been said, and re-asserted that the arms which were shipped upon the railroad from this place about the time that the Cuba adventurers were leaving, belonged to the State of Georgia, and we have waited in hopes of hearing something more definite upon the subject; but for some cause those who are knowing to the fact, have not informed us how the fact is. All that we are able to learn is, that they were brought to this place some months back, and that they were privately re-packed in this city a few days before they left. And taking all the circumstances together, we are inclined to the belief that the statement is true, that they were the public arms of the State, and that were clandestinely given away, without compensation. At all events, a report to the people of the State—such a report being abroad—that Governor Towns should inform them how the fact is. If it be true, we are at a loss to know what pretence of right the Governor can have for giving away the public property, and more especially the public arms.

✶ This wicked but witty epigram, is from the French of La Motte:
"The world of fools has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass
Must hide at home, and bolt his door,
And break his looking glass."

✶ Among the curiosities lately added to Schenectady Museum, is a musquitoe's bladder, containing the souls of twenty-four misers, and the fortunes of twelve printers—nearly half full.

There is a place in South America where mosquitoes are so large that the people have to use sheet iron shirts and copper bottomed continuations. Their stings are of that size that house carpenters frequently cut them off and use them for awgurs.

BURNING OF THE STEAMER WEBSTER.

STER!

Vicksburg, May 3.

The steamer Webster, Capt. Samuel Reno, bound from Cincinnati to New Orleans, with full freight, took fire yesterday afternoon, May 2d, and burnt to the water's edge at the head of Island 86, 110 miles above Vicksburg.

The fire was first discovered and the alarm given about 4 o'clock, and almost instantly the boat was enveloped in flames. The pilot Mr. Ruckman, to whom great credit is due, having charge of the wheel, immediately endeavored to run the boat ashore, in which he partly succeeded until the flames finally drove him from his post and the boat became unmanageable and floated off again, thus depriving the passengers and crew of their first and last hope of safety.

At the first alarm a scene ensued which it is impossible to describe, and mingled as it was with the burning boat from which the flames were bursting in all directions, became terrible in the extreme. Many rushing into the flames, while others crowded the side of the boat clinging convulsively to the boat till driven away by the fire, and finally threw themselves into the current. It was with difficulty that any of the females could be saved; many of them being separated from their husbands and friends. About 12 or 15 of the passengers jumped from the bow of the boat, and with difficulty saved their lives by clinging to the snags until relieved by the yaws and skills from the shore.

As soon as the fearful truth was known by the inhabitants on shore, three or four boats were quickly rowed to the scene, and succeeded in saving the lives of several persons that were clinging to the drift and snags, and were taken on board the store boat Grey Eagle, Capt. J. L. Case, who did all that could be done by giving an asylum to the women and children who were saved. The number of passengers and hands amount to about 100 persons, of which only some 60 can be found.

The steamer New Orleans, from St. Louis, bound for New Orleans, have in sight in about an hour after the accident occurred, and stopped and most kindly took on board all the survivors, and rendered all the assistance that could be wished for.—The following are the names of those killed and missing:

Capt. Sam Reno, wife and child; Henry Harrison and one child; wife and child of Mr. Ruckman, pilot; Geo. Bliss, chief clerk; Jno. Campbell, 2nd clerk; child of Mr. Rodwin, of New Orleans; Mary Buckner, maid, col'd, Chambermaid, name unknown, col'd; Henry, Bar-keeper; J. O. Fyne, from Cincinnati; J. McCarty, Lynchburg, Va., and a girl belonging to Mr. McCarty; several others missing, names unknown. The boat's papers and money all lost.

DANGER OF OPPOSING WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—A petition with three thousand female signatures attached, in relation to nunneries, awake a discussion of a very peculiar and interesting character in the Pennsylvania Legislature, on the 12th inst. Mr. Brower, a member from Butler county, seized the occasion to immortalize himself. His conclusion was positively awful. It will frighten the women into a devotion to him. How fearful he must have been to look upon as he said:

"I will only say then in conclusion, that the man who is ready to-day to spurn from this hall of the people, these 3000 mothers and daughters of Pennsylvania—these petitioners who come with faith in their hearts and prayer on their lips—who come in the strength of their weakness—who come in the strong and abiding faith of woman's heart, to prefer their prayer—I can only say that a doom so deep and damning awaits that man, as to place him almost beyond the reach of political redemption, or the power of moral reform."

GROWLERS.—There is a class of men in every community who go about with vinegar faces, growling because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with their destiny. These men, usually have made a great mistake in the estimation of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. In either case, they are unfortunate. Wherever this fault finding with one's condition occurs there is always a want of self-respect. If people despise you, do not tell of it all over town. If you are smart show it. Do something and keep doing. If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the wormwood off your faces, and show your good will by your deeds.—Then if people feel above you, go straight off and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic or a farmer, or a shop boy, turn yours a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yourself, and if this does not "fetch them," conclude very good naturedly that they are unworthy of your acquaintance, and pity them for missing such a capital chance to get into good society.

CORSETTS.

When I was over in your town,
A week ago, or more,
I saw a very singular thing,
I never saw before.

'Twas hanging in a window case,
Upon a string a straddle—
Looked something like an hour glass,
And something like a saddle.

I asked of several cny "gents,"
Who chanced to be at hand,
"What was it?" but their gibberish
I could not understand.

One fellow called it "a restraint,
On certain parties placed,
Like a decree in chancery,
To stay the tentant's waste!"

Another—just the queerest chap
Of any in the swarm—
Said, "twasnt the glass of fashion, but
It was the mould of form."

Another said, "twas a machine
A lady used to rig her,
To bring her life and form into
The very smallest figure."

At last, a little girl came out,
And—think of my amaze!—
She asked me "if I wouldn't please
To buy a pair of stays?"

Of course I'd heard of stays" before,
But, strike me deaf and dumb,
If e'er I, until that hour,
Suspected "them was um."

Well, isn't it exceeding strange,
That any maid or wife,
Just for a "little taper," should
Put out "the lamp of life?"

I know that lunatics must have
Straight jackets put about 'em,
But women in their wits should make
A shift to do—without 'em!

VILLAINY.

The Cairo Sun says, that a few days since, two men in a wagon, within a couple of miles of Jonesboro', Union county, Illinois, asked a farmer who was the heaviest merchant in that town? The farmer mentioned some merchants, and among the number spoke of a Mr. Dishon. They drove their wagon up to Dishon's store, and requested him to permit them to place a box, (which they had in their wagon) in his store for the night. After urging some objection, Mr. D. finally consented to take the box in his store room. The men then put up their horses for the night, and early on the next morning had their wagon at D's store to get their box and start on their journey. Mr. D. then missed a bolt of fine broadcloth from his counter. His suspicion being aroused, he examined his desk and discovered that five hundred dollars had been stolen during the night. He then told the man that the box must not be taken from the store until it was examined. They swore that they would take their box, and as they rushed to take hold of it, Mr. D. stepped out of the door, and locked them in. Having obtained assistance, the door was opened and the men taken. The lid was knocked off, when a stout, daring looking man sprang forth, and the missing cloth, money, some silks, and a dark lantern, were found in the bottom. The fellow pretended to turn the State's evidence, and declared he had long sought an opportunity to leave the other men; that he had never been detected before; that he remained with them only because he was compelled to do so to preserve his life; that there were now six hundred men in the United States engaged in the same business; and that the last time he was at the general money deposite station the company had over fifteen bushels of silver and gold. He would not be put in the same room with his two accomplices, fearing they would kill him. The two men swore to the officers that it was folly to put them in jail, for they had money and friends; it would take at least one hundred well armed men to guard them, and notified them that they could not possibly be detained three weeks.

Mrs. Partington says it is a curious provision of nature that hens never lay when eggs are dear, and always begin when they are cheap.

A Broker in Wall street got stuck the other day with a \$100 counterfeit note in this way. A beautiful lady like woman called and asked to have it changed into small notes. The broker tells his own story. "I was looking more at the woman than to my business." Pretty good.

Dr. Lee says potatoes rot for want of alkali in the soil, and ashes will save them.

There is a man out west who owns a tremendous big barn, and Quiz says he stacks up all the hay he can out of doors, and then he puts the rest into his barn.

The attempt to light the Mammoth Cave with the Aurora borealis, has been abandoned, red headed girls being deemed cheaper.

For the Athens Post.

THE SEQUEL OF A SINNER'S LIFE.

Mr. Spencer B., of —, when very young possessed an intellect surpassed by none for dexterity. He bid fair to become an ornament, not only to society, but also to the Church. But he unfortunately lost his father and mother when quite a youth, and in the absence of parental instruction and restraint, he grew up in idleness.—Being subject to all the allurements of wicked associates, he entered the path of vice which leads to the city of destruction, and regaled himself with the transitory pleasures he extracted from the tempting flowers which were strewn along his pathway, till ultimately he unhappily moored his bark on the dismal shore of perdition. In the fall of 1850, to gratify his curiosity, he attended a Campmeeting held near his residence, which, as I was informed, was the first time he had been seen at Church since he had arrived at the stage of manhood. The Lord revived his work—Christians rejoiced, sinners wept, and not one soul witnessed the solemn scene unaffected. Amid the vast assembly I beheld one whose visage appeared defaced, and the singularity of his actions so attracted my attention that I steadfastly fixed my eyes upon him and soon recognized him as Spencer B.—There he stood, looking on with remorse of conscience, while tears bedewed his cheeks. A friend affectionately took him by the hand, and in pathetic language entreated him to cultivate the workings of the Holy Spirit. With a trembling voice he replied, "There is no time lost yet, I have determined not to mar my pleasures with religion while young—go away and let me enjoy life awhile longer." This friend, seeing his determination to persist in folly, bid him adieu. The services of the day concluded, and with a hanging head, quite dejected, he retired to his cottage. Conviction had irresistibly entered his soul, there taken its seat, and erased his earthly felicity. The presence of his wife and children, who formerly soothed the troubles of his mind only served to augment his woe. However he did not despair, but the night following he went to a ball hard by, hoping to cure the wound so deeply inflicted during the past day, and to his own misfortune succeeded. For scarcely had he reached his dwelling the following day when he was seized by some malignant disease, instantly convulsing his whole system, producing almost immediate death.—And while standing upon the last crumbling verge of time, scorched with fevers and racked with pains, in a lamentable tone cried out, "Oh my soul! my soul! I see the liquid flame of hell's everlasting and quenchless fire, and soon must feel their heat. The time was when I could have made peace with God, but now it is too late—my destiny is sealed forever and I must die a wretched sinner and be lost." After looking into destiny, then recurring to former days and recalling his misdeeds, time, he paused for a moment, then in the agonies of death, he blasphemed God's name, cursed the day that gave him birth, and even his own soul, and thus perished without reputation on earth or hope of bliss beyond the grave, as signal an example as ever was known of the Divine Justice rendering to the wicked according to their deeds.

Such was the closing scene of the earthly existence of the once dutiful child, the obedient son, the virtuous youth, and an assiduous student at college, highly esteemed by all his associates but alas! when advanced in years, he tarnished his character by frequenting balls, groggeries, brothels, &c., and finally died the scorn and contempt of all wise and virtuous men. I now remark that I stood at his side and saw him expire, and from request have chronicled his untimely end for another's good. Dox, on W. H. C.***

Chestua, April, 1851.

A PROMPT SENTINEL.—A late Yankee Blade tells the following:
"During the war of the Revolution a somewhat ludicrous incident occurred at New London, Ct., which we do not remember to have seen recorded. At a certain point on the outskirts of the town, near the bank of the Thames, the sentinel on duty was shot at every night. Two had been killed—apparently by the same person, who landed in the dead of night, from a small boat, and, before the sentinel could half three times, according to military tactics, fired his piece and escaped in the darkness. The exposed post naturally became dreaded by the soldiers, who had but little taste for being shot down in cold blood. At length a negro who belonged to the rank and file, was stationed on the spot one night, and ordered, if any person appeared, to hail, 'who goes there?' three times, and if no answer was returned to fire his musket at the intruder.

Pompey had never stood sentry, but he promised to obey the directions. He paced backward and forward stealthily, with his ears open to the slightest sound. At the accustomed hour the foe appeared, emerging from a clump of bushes under cover of which he had landed. Pompey instantly leveled his piece and cried,
"Who go dar once twice tree time?" bang!—hailing and firing simultaneously. The aim taken by Pompey's peevish opinion was true, the interloper fell, and the post was no longer exposed to danger.

Favor your horse with a carry as oft as possible, but never carry favors with a man. If plain dealing won't incline a person to favor your proposals, just take the first incline plane you come to, and slide for home.

Jenny Lind is usually called a nightingale, but a "chap" who gave ten dollars a ticket, says it's his opinion she's a robin.